

Lasting impressions from first impressions

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Summary: Happy TaiYama week! This is my contribution for April 15, prompt 1: first impressions. Medieval setting (or something like that). It has no plot yet (thus, I can't summarise), but I will update it eventually.

1. Chapter 1

Disclaimer: I don't own Digimon.

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TaiYama Week, Prompt 1: First impressions

It seems that this is some kind of medieval AU...

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The first time I saw him, I thought he was a woman. Of course, he was wearing a layered, green dress, so it's not like I would have thought anything different. Anyway, we were at the Count's midsummer party and, for some reason, he really caught my eye. It may have been his blond hair—a rare trait in these parts—that was short in the front, but long at the back. Or the way he looked so uncomfortable—I would be, too, if I had to wear a dress in public—as if trying to blend into the wall. Or his eyes—the deepest blue I had ever seen—that never left the floor. Whatever it was, I had gone over and asked him to dance.

At first, he had been shocked and hesitated. My heart had sunk at the thought of him saying 'no.' However, his gaze had met mine and he had nodded. I took his hand and led him to the ballroom floor, where we danced for almost an hour.

Then, just like that, he had been torn away from me; the Count, himself, had called out a single name—a command: "Yamato." And the blond beauty had left abruptly, never looking back.

Why am I bringing this up now, in the middle of the hustle and bustle of the market place? Well, my friends, he's right in front of me. Yes, the very same blond beauty that I met two weeks ago. The same blond beauty that I thought I would never see again. The same blond beauty that was now standing before me as a man. The very same one. I could tell from the shock in his deep blue eyes; it was the same shocked look that he had had when I asked him to dance.

Well, fuck.

He clearly recognised me, too. Though his reaction to our re-encounter was almost the exact opposite of mine: he tried to run.

I caught his wrist just as he was turning away from me, "Yamato!" Subconsciously, I used the same command that the Count had. His face showed even more shock at me knowing his name. Then, however, fear took over and his eyes flickered from side to side, as if looking for something. I let him search in peace, never loosening my hold on his wrist. Those lapis orbs found my chocolate ones again, and he tugged me away from the main street and into a narrow, deserted alley.

"What?" His voice was deep and had a musical quality to it. It really was no wonder that he hadn't said anything at the party. "What?" He repeated and I realised that I was completely stumped by that question. I didn't know what I wanted from him, or why I had stopped him.

His eyes narrowed dangerously, but that made them more fascinating, in my opinion.

"Haven't you caused enough trouble already?" He asked, harsher than before.

"What?" I looked at him, baffled. "What did I do?"

He gave me an exasperated look, "At the party." At my raised eyebrows, he rolled his eyes, checked the alley entrance, and pulled up one side of his beige tunic. My eyes widened at the mark on his side: it was the Count's emblem. The light fabric of the tunic fell back down, blocking the symbol from my sight. "He branded me." Yamato stated, face neutral. The statement was unnecessary, though, since I could tell. "He wants everyone, especially you, to know that I belong to him."

My eyes widened at him. "You're his concubine!" I practically yelled.

His eyes flew to the alley entrance again, before returning to me, narrowed, "Say that a bit louder next time, why don't you?"

At least I had the decency to look sheepish, "Sorry, I was just a bit surprised, that's all."

He crossed his arms over his chest, looking down at the ground on his right. "Yeah, well..." He trailed off, clearly unsure of how to continue.

I studied his face, eyes, and posture. He was sad. It didn't show much on the outside, but I could read it in his eyes. He was no happier with his fate than I was.

Courage and resolve had always been my best traits and I put them both to use now. "I'll take you away from him." His head snapped up, eyes wide. "I'll take you away from this town. I'll take you wherever, as long as it's not back to the Count's castle. I won't let him hurt you anymore."

A stunned silence followed my statement. Then he burst out laughing. I just stood there, confused.

He calmed down after a minute, wiping at his eyes. "Right." Then his look hardened. "Do you honestly think that I haven't tried escaping? He always finds me. Once, I made it all the way past the walls and into the forest, but he still found me. He always finds me."

Another silence followed, broken by Yamato turning away from me. "It's pointless."

"Wait." I grabbed his wrist again, but his back was still to me. "I promise it will be different this time. _I_ will keep you safe."

His demeanour changed to one of defeat. My heart soared; he was willing to leave this town with me. We could escape together, start our lives somewhere else, live happily ever after!

All these happy thoughts left me, though, as he turned around and I met his saddened eyes. He gave a small, sad smile, shaking his head. "It's too late; you've already broken that promise."

I was stunned for a second, before realisation fell upon me in the form of the Count's guards. They came rushing into the alley and tore Yamato away from my grasp, pulling him back towards his prison, leaving me standing in the darkening alley. He cast a last, lingering look my way, before they pulled him around the corner.

Then it hit me: he had been trying to escape. He had not been let out of the castle—he had escaped. And I had blocked his path.

My knees gave out and I fell to the ground, pounding away at the dirt. I didn't even realise that I was crying, until the ground became slightly wet, making the dirt stick to my knuckles. I stopped then, just sitting there, numb to all around me.

I don't even know why I was so adamant about making him mine. There was just something about him. The moment I saw him, I knew. And I know he knew, too; for why else would he have agreed to dance when he knew he wasn't allowed?

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A/N: Don't ask me why it turned out so depressing... I might continue it for tomorrow's prompt, or then I'll write separate fics for each prompt and continue some of them later.

Disclaimer: I don't own Digimon.

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A/N: Yay, the continuation of my TaiYama-week-medieval-AU fic!

Great, I managed to write over 1 000 words, then re-read the first chapter and realised that it was written in first person... Now to go back and edit this... (Of course, that means that I will actually proofread this chapter)

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"Taichi, this doesn't seem like a very good ideaâ€|"

"It's the best idea in the world, Sora!"

The redhead pursed her lips and frowned at me. "I just don't think you're being very rational about this whole thing. I mean, he's a concubine, for goodness' sake! He's practically trash and you don't even know him!"

I stood abruptly, slamming both of my hands onto the table, glaring at the woman sitting across from me. "He's not trash and I won't have you talking about him like that! I love him and I will save him from the Count."

Angered, Sora also stood from her chair. "How can you say you love him, when you've hardly spoken to him? You don't know anything about that whore!"

My hands balled into fists, clenching at my sides. "If you weren't a woman and my best friend, I would punch you right now." I told her, through gritted teeth.

Sora crossed her arms over her chest, eyes narrowing dangerously. "Look," She started, "even if you manage to get him away from the Count, where would you take him? He won't be coming here, that's for sure! I won't allow him under my roof!"

"Our roof, Sora. This house doesn't just belong to you, in case you've forgotten."

"The others won't agree to it, either. You'll be putting us all in danger, if you bring that scum here."

"Then I'll leave. I'll save him and we'll leave this town together."

Sora hesitated for a fraction of a second. "You can't leave." She stated. "You can't leave us; we're a family. We all need each other to survive!"

"No," I frowned, "you need me." Then, I turned, heading out of the dining area. "I only need Yamato." With that, I was gone, leaving Sora to stare after me.

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"Taichi?"

I turned to give the short male a bored look. "Did Sora send you up here? Because whatever it is you have to sayâ€"especially if it has anything to do with Yamatoâ€"I don't want to hear it."

The rusty-haired male took in a sharp breath, "So it's true, then?"

I turned my chocolate-coloured eyes upwards, leaning on the windowsill, and regarded the night sky. I had come up to the South tower after the fight with Sora.

My group of friends and I shared a large mansion on the outskirts of the town. The house had been abandoned almost eight years ago, when an epidemic had swept across the town. The former ownersâ€"a noble familyâ€"had fled in fear when their servant familyâ€"Sora's familyâ€"had fallen victim to the disease.

Sora and my families had been close friends all our lives, so, naturally, my parents had tried to cure her parentsâ€"to no avail. All my parents got for their efforts was contagion. First, the disease took away my younger sister, then, it took both my parents' lives. Thus, both Sora and I had become orphans at the age of 13.

We had taken over the house, recruiting other orphaned children; first had been Jyou and his two elder brothersâ€"Shin and Shuu. All three had a background in medicine and healing, which had proven to be very useful. Next had been Mimiâ€"an extroverted, baker's daughter. Meiko had come thirdâ€"a shy girl with horrible allergies. At first, I had thought her quite useless, but Mimi had taken Meiko under her wing and made her useful in the kitchen. Last, was Koushiroâ€"son of a military strategistâ€"he was clever and very resourceful.

Currently, the clever young man had his eyes trained on me, scrutinising. "It really is true, isn't it?" He repeated. "That you're in love with this concubine."

"Yes."

"Have you honestly thought this through? Logically? Rationally?"

I let out a breath, still looking out at the stars. "Love doesn't have to be logical or rational, Kou."

"No, but this isn't just about the emotion; this is about your life! Chances are that you're going to get killedâ€"both of you. In addition, you might be putting all of our lives in danger."

I closed my eyes, blocking the twinkling lights from view. I hung my head, no longer wanting to go through these same arguments. "I know." I said after a long pause. "I don't want to put you all in danger, which is why I've decided to take him away from here. I won't be bringing him here; you'll never have to see him."

"_I _would be interested to at least _see_ this exotic being that has stolen your heart." Came a sing-song voice from the staircase.

"Mimi." I said in astonishment, blinking at the brunette.

"I don't care what everyone else is saying. I'll help you save your damsel from the clutches of the evil king!"

"Mimi," Koushiro started, unimpressed, "first off, it's the Count, and, secondly, he's not a damsel, but a concubine."

The cheerful woman clapped her hands together, grinning excitedly. "That's even more romantic: a forbidden love and potentially-fatal rescue missions!"

"I don't like the sound of 'potentially-fatal...'" Came a new voice.

"Jyou!" Mimi exclaimed, "Are you going to join us on our rescue mission?"

"I thought I just said that I don't like the sound of it..." The long-haired bluenet let out a sigh. "But I guess, if Taichi insists on saving this man, then I have no choice, but to help him to the best of my ability."

"Yay!" Mimi clapped her hands, like an excited seel.

I smiled gently, gratefully. "Thank you, Jyou. Mimi." I gave a nod to each of them in turn.

The brunette beamed, whilst Jyou pushed up his glasses in embarrassment.

The shortest male in the group heaved a sigh. "I guess I don't have much of a choice, either, huh?"

I smirked at him. "Of course you have a choice, but you want to help me, right?"

Koushiro grinned, "I must have a death-wish, but I'm in!"

Weâ€”the members of the rescue-teamâ€”all beamed at each other.

"So what's the plan?" I asked.

The smiles fell off everyone's faces simultaneously and they all gaped at me.

"What do you mean, 'what's the plan?' Don't you have one?" Koushiro asked, incredulous.

Sheepishly, I shrugged. "Not really. I just have a goal, but the plan is up for discussion." I looked around the astonished faces of my teammates. "Well, I have some ideas, but I don't know anything about the Count's castle, or where Yamato is being kept, or what kind of security they have over there, or anything, really."

"So you need me to find out all these things?" Koushiro asked, quirking an eyebrow.

"Yes, please." I replied with a grin. "Unless, of course, Yamato manages to escape again and I run into him on the streets."

"I would imagine that the chances of that happening again are slim to none." Jyou informed me, readjusting his glasses yet again.

I had already told them of the blond wonder that I had met at the party over two weeks ago. I had also informed them of meeting him again yesterday, at the marketplace. No one had thought much of itâ€"except Sora. She had cornered me this morning and demanded to know whether I was in love with him. Obviously, I had informed her that I was. We had had our argument, and then she had apparently gone round and told everyone to stop me from saving him. Wellâ€"as it turns outâ€"the others were on my side, so fuck her.

Then again, Sora would be useful for the rescue mission; she was an excellent fighter. Hmm, maybe I could convince her to help me out... It was worth a shot.

"Well," I clapped my hands together, to get everyone's attention. "there's not much we can do right now, but let's all think about possibilities and, Koushiro, try to find out anything you can about the Count's castle, ok?"

Everyone nodded, leaving me in the tower. I gave the stars one last look, and, with a sigh, turned, intent on heading down to find Sora. Only, I never even had to take a stepâ€"she was there.

"Sora." Her name was more of an inhale, rather than an actual word.

She smiled at me, sadly. "Taichi."

We stood in silence for a few minutes, before she took three definite strides and joined me at the window. She rested her arms on the sill and looked down. "Are you all seriously going to go through with this?"

I mimicked her position, though my gaze was aimed upwards. "Yes."

"Then I'll help."

My eyes widened, flying to hers.

"W-what?"

She looked at me in a motherly fashion. "I'm going to help you, Taichi." Her mahogany eyes returned to the ground far below us. "I can see that you won't be swayed. And now you've managed to drag our whole family into this."

She always referred to our group of friends as a 'family.' I suppose we were, in a way; Sora was the mother-figure, whilst Shin had taken over the role of the father. I was practically Sora's little brotherâ€"being a few months younger than her, and being the goofball of the group. The others filled different rolesâ€"brothers, sisters, daughters, sons, cousinsâ€"whatever was needed at the time.

"I'm sorry I pushed you," She continued. "I just worry that you'll regret this decision. I'm also afraid." I continued staring at her, wondering where this change of heart had come from. "I'm afraid that

something bad will happen to you, or to someone else. I've already lost so many loved ones; I don't want to lose you, too."

Finally, she looked back at me, and I could see the unshed tears in her eyes. I moved over to hug her and she let her tears fall.

"I'm sorry, Sora. I hate fighting with you and I hate making you worry, but I can't give up on Yamato. I love him. I know that I don't know him, but I just know. And I know that he feels the same; I can tell."

Sora gave a wet chuckle, bringing her face away from my chest, smiling at me through her tears. "That's a lot of knowing."

I chuckled, too, wiping away her tears with my thumb. "Yeah, it is."

We remained like that, in each other's embrace for a few minutes. Sora was the first to pull away.

"He's welcome to hide here, you know."

I kissed the top of her head.

"But you won't be able to remain hereâ€"neither of you." Sora looked at me with pained eyes. I felt a pang in my heart; I was going to hurt her. Me leaving would mean that she would lose another loved one. "Stay here for a few days, to throw the guards off, and then leave. Get as far from here as possible and never return. Don't tell us where you're heading, and don't let us know you're safe. Just go. And take good care of Yamato. And be happy."

Tears prickled at my own eyes and I hugged her. She was the strongest woman I had ever met. I hoped with all my heart that, one day, she would be able to have a family of her own and be happy.

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A/N: Hmmm, another depressing chapter... Well, we shall have to wait and see what the next one is like

End
file.